Philogamus

ype ye [illegible]
bow doune nowe encline
For nowe ỹ Muſes wyne
So ſacred ād Diuine
In Parnaſe holy Hyll
ue wrought theyr worthy wyll
d by theyr goodly ſkyll
pon that myghty Mountayne
Hellycons Fountayne
hat alwayes doth remayne
nce Pegaſe made it flowe
s by your bokes we knowe)
aue waſhed the lyppes of one
hat ſlepte not longe agone
for ked Hyll vpon
ho after that anon
s he had ſene the Muſes
ewe Poetry he vſes
nd yours he cleane refuſes.

A ij For

For wakyng sodenly
He wrote ryght worthely
Suche kynde of Poetrye
As neuer one of you
Had hearde or sene tyl nowe
He wrote I tel you playne
In Antygraphe full mayne
None suche on thys syde Spayne
Antipus to suppresse
And clerly to compesse
Wherein he fayneth no lesse
But that yf God were dead
He myght be rayscd in Bread
Wherfore ye Poetes al
And clarkes bothe greate and smal
Submyt your selues ye shal
And downe before hym fall
And neuer not to ryse
For you cowlde not deuyse
So greate an interpryse
As thys new poet dyd
Whose conmyng is yet hyd
And many other workes

That

That secretly yet lurckes
Some suche amonge the Turkes
For Saracens can be founde
The Gospellers to confounde.
Hys workes are so well bownd
And buylded on such e grounde
As cannot wel decay
Tyl the sande be washed away.
He is skylled so wonderously
In the scyence of Masonrye.
Wherfore I wyl not spare
Hys learnyng to declare
Although wyth myckle care
Because I want the wayes
This Poete for to prayse
And fame vpon hym rayse
That floweth in these dayes,
Wythe suche excedynge Eloquence
And Superfluous Sapyence
Imbute wtyh Insuffycyence
Of learnyng and Intellygence
Whose wytynges are laudable
So new founde and not able

I tell you wythout fable
That no man vnder skye
Can prayse them worthely
They shewe them selues so fayer
That none can them appayer
And therfore now beholde
And see how well he coulde
Describe them that are bolde
To marry beyng swore
To kepe them chast before
Makyng theyr vow a scorne
And takyng to them wyues,
Wyth them to leade theyr lyues
But wyth these blooddes he stryues
And out of towne them dryues
Wyth eloquent taractions
And vyolent veracyons
And earneste exprobracyons
Wythe instant insultacions
And straunge denominacyons
That none among all nacyons,
Can shew suche learned fashyons

as can thys noble scholer
he may well weare a coller
of. H. for hys humanitee
and for hys greate Urbanytye
he may weare vppon hys Bonnet
a double. P. well set
and wyth a traye aboue
in token ynge of the loue
that towarde hym he beareth
who yche men to Chastenes sweareth.
wherfore loke vp and see
yf ye beleue not me
your owne Iudges to be
for easely may ye spye
yf ye looke earnestly
and well hys latten trye
that oute of Barbarye
hys learninge he hath fett
and all hys knowledge gett.

for thys I dare well Sweare

Here can no suche fyne gear
Be had but onely theare,
Aduise it well and reade
For here it doth succede.
O Insensati
All marryed prestes that be Nupti
Barbis disguisati
Carnales hedos Vocati
Quorum deus venter
To ỹ belly they be boũd by Indẽture
Ventri semper obedire
Vultuq; seruire
Quorum Sathan est Pater
Et Lecheria Mater
Thys Genera Viperarum,
Runnes per Orbem Terrarum
O God omnipotent
Qui regnas et viuis
Sende shame and punishement
To all Prestes and theyr wyues
And let them goo boyde of all grace
Et infernorum supplicia
Wyth Lucyfer to haue a Place
In sempiterna supplicia.

The Prayse of the Meter.

O meter passing measure
Prouokyng

Prouokinge sporte and pleasure
O treatise of hygh treasure
So Typycal in kygure
None suche from lyn to lygure
Lapte vp in suche fyne latyn
As passeth both syls and satyn
O Homer so Heroicall
And Persius Satyricall
Where are your worckes Poetycal
O Horace where art thou
Vyrgyll and Ouide now
And all the rest of you
Let se who dare auow
One suche a worcke to shew
No no, ful wel I know
Take al you on a rowe
Ye cannot doit I trow
Not one of you that wrote
Suche Satyres wel I wot
Yf he your bokes had sene
He wolde haue shamed them clene
You had no Peers you wene
Because wyth lawrel grene
Crowned you were by ryght

But

But oure newe Poete myght
Be crowned wyth the Vyne;
And Garland Canabyne
For eugyne and for wyrt
The muſes dyd admyte
Not onely hym to yt
But gaue hym ſo muche grace
That yf he bewe the face
Of one In any place
He maye make hym wyth ſpede
A Poete to procede.
The proſe therof indede
Ful playnly dyd appere
Wythin thys halfe yere
For one that was a Smythe
A forger at the ſtythe
A myghtye man of pythe
And ſtronge of lym and lythe
When he had bene hym wythe
And talked but a whyle
He wrote ſo hygh a ſtyle
As none wythin a myle
Coulde faſhyon wyth a fyle

with al hys wyt and wyle,
Wel wel for all ye ſmyle
Certes I tel you treuth
Alack yt is greate ruth
That men wyl not beleue
The gyftes that Muſes geue
Beſyde all thys hys Smythery
Vulcanus taught hym certainly
Wherw he wrought right curyouſly
As ye may ſe yt euydently
Conteyned in the teſtymony
And latter wylle of Hereſy.
For there he ſheweth Poetry
Hyghly profeſſyng Romery
Lo, now I ſay therfore
Your bokes we nede no more
They maye be rent and tore
What though ye crye and rore
We nede not now your lore
For yf thys arte were drowned
Agayne it may be found
Euen by the very ſound
Of theſe new Poetes Tooles

They

They be no ſmalle fooles,
If they be red In ſcholes
You may ſpt downe on ſtooles
And ſo to take your reſt
As I ſuppoſe it beſt.
But well ye thyncke I Geyſt
By cocke for all your lokes
You maye claſpe vp your bookes
And then go kepe the roockes
Or elſ wyth baugle hookes
Go fyſhe and take ſome flookes
For cleane your cleargy crookes
And goeth nomore on ryght
Synce theſe beganne to wryght
Ye haue no more no might
To floryſh in theyr ſyght
But thys I wyll you tell
The Maſon doth excell
Wherfore he may full well
Aboue all beare the Bell
Wherfore wyth all my power
I wyll eche daye and hower
Aduaunce hys byghe honour

Praiyng

prayeng these Muses Sacre
wyth Hellicons Lauacre
To washe me by theyr ayde
To do as I haue saide.

❊ The prayse of the Poete.

O Poete so impudent
Whyche neuer yet was studente
To thee, the Goddes prudente
Minerua is illudente
Thou wryttest thynges dyffuse
Incongrue and confuse
Obfuscate and obtuse
No man the lyke doth vse
Among the Turckes or Jewes
Alwayes inuentyng newes
That are incomparable
They be so fyrme and stable
Lyke as a Shyppe is able
Wythout Ancre and Cable
Roother Maste or Sayle
Bully Rope or Nayle
In Wynde Weather or Hayle

To

To guyde both top and tayle
And not the course to fayle
So thys our Poet maye
Wythout a stopp or staye
In cunnynge wend the way
Aswel by darke as day
And neuer go astray
Yf yt be as they say.
O Poet rare and Recent
Dedecorate, and indecent
Insolent and insensate
Contendyng and condensate
Obtused and obturate
Obumbylate, obdurate
Sparyng no Preest or Curate
Cyuylyan or Rurate
That be alredy marryed
And from theyr vow bene varyed
Wherto the scrypture thein carted
They myght aswel haue tarryed
I sweare by the norty dooze Rood
That stowte was whyle he stood
That they had bene as good

To

To haue ſolde theyr be ſt blew hood
For I am in ſuche a moode
That for my power and parte
With al my wyt and arte
With whole intent and harte
I wyl ſo at them Darte
That ſome of them ſhal farte
Before they feele it ſmarte.
Coulde not theſe bloods be pleaſed
With mens wyues to be eaſed
And in their daughters ſeaſed
As wel as the other greaſed
Though thus they had not prꝛeaſed
In fayth they ſhalbe feaſed
For I ſet to my hand
In fyght wyth them to ſtand
By water and by lande
By grauell and by Sande
And by the ſalte ſea ſtrond
Beholde here is a wand
To beate them back and bone
I trow a thyng alone
To make theſe gallantes grone

And withe our poetes ayde
They ſhalbe ſo diſmayde
So fearfull and afrayde
That downe they ſhalbe layde,
As thycke as hoppes and hayle.
Nowe wyll I them aſſayle
And threaſhe them withe my Flayle
To marre theſe married Preiſtes
I fyghte wyth bothe my Fyſtes
Looke on the fraye who Lyſtes.

✠ A Latten Clubbe, or Hurle Batte.

☞ O M O Inſenſati
Ec Sathana Nati
Satyricꝫ Vocati
Barbis Detonſati
Loti Leuigati
Cozollis deſignati
Quo ſic effeminati
Molles et Parati
Sitis, Stupzo dati
Petulantes Hoedi
Turpes et Cinoedi
Per quos Plos lesi
Ac Inſontes Cedi
Certo poſſit Credi
Pzocreantes Hibzide
Sed Amicti Nebzide

Quod

Quodnon estis Rapti
Copius Corrupti
Factum proficientes
Non custodientes
Verum odientes
Falsamq; Docentes
Mores non habentes
Alias Conquerentes
Habere abnuentes
Incestui cedentes
Lupi Exilientes
Lupam subsequentes
Priapo seruientes
In Deum statuentes
Ipsum q; Colentes
Vulvas Indagantes
Illecebras Amantes
Velut Meretrices
Priorum Vxores
Filias et Sorores
Sequas et Ancillas
Seducentes Illas
Rapitis Ubiq;
Viuentes quam obliq;
Nigri Necromantici
Hydei Hydromantici
Putridi Piromantici
Incantantes Idolatres
Publici Pseudolatres
Inum Hathanam habetis
Patrem Papamq; Tenetis
Matris Gremioq; sedetis
Gomorream Nominetis
Cum his Penasq; Luetis
Lapsus Vestibus

Laudis et Testibus
Rediti Incestibus
Riperarum Genus
Quozum dea Uenus
Inferno zum Tetius
Ducet Imperpetuum
Ad Ditis Supplicium
Id quod Uetet Ille
Qui Seruat Millia Mille.

CLAUDIANUS BEO.

Lo now how like you thys?
I trowe I dyd you Bliſſe
And them, as wooꝛthy is
To dyng tyll they ſhall Piſſe
Me thynke I doo not miſſe
Though my Crowne be not ſcraped
Noꝛ I in Oꝛder myſſhaped
Noꝛ foꝛ ſuche wooꝛſhyppe gaped
Noꝛ anoyted Pꝛeyſte wyth Oyle
Noꝛ Creame oꝛ other Soyle
Noꝛ tooke ſuche fylthy Foyle
Yet wyll I tugge and Toyle
Toſſe turne and Turmoyle
Cumbꝛe Clowte and Coyle

Diſmember

dismembre and Dispoyle
All them that I maye catche
That dayly wayte and watche
Facte wenches to vpsnatche
And marrye to their Matche
But I wyll them dispatche
And byggely on them beate
For all their wyles so facte
That are so Fyce and Frate
Whiche sittyng on their Seate
Of Scriptures wyll Intreate
And fayne to quide vs defeate
Wyth wooydes grymme and greate
From Beades of wooddc and Geate
And from our myghtie Meate
That is our God of wheate
Puffe, so I Swelle and Sweate
I Fridge I Frothe and Freate
Of thys Vncouthe to thynke
But suerly shall they Drynke
Tyll aboue the ground they stynke
Wyth a Lyppe vnTo Tuynke
For I can neuer Stynke

As longe as our Vulcanus
And lusty Longimanus
Wyll sticke whyle he is Manus
For though he be Prophanus
He is not nothyng Manus
Nor learned lyke Manus
I tell you he is no Manus
But one of stature stoute
No Lubber nor no Loute
He wyll reache rounde aboute
And bentyng wyth hys snoute
Wyll touche them toppe and towte
And all theyr ruffyng rowte
Wyth Clarckly clubbes to cloute
For syrrlly hath he fought
Endeauryng to dryue oute
The reader in out queare
That draweth to hym here
Men comming farre and neare
There dyd alite Symphe appeare
Wyth countenaunce so cleare
Full chaungeable in cheare
And dappert as a deare

Chekelye

Chekely he dyd hym charge
How he had caught at large
More then he coulde discharge
Or fynde in text or Marge
Concernyng Consecratyon
And Transubstanciation
Or all oure Transmutacion
And Substaunce Alteracion
Denyng Veneracion
And also Adoracion
In tyme of Ministracion
And that Non dentibus
Panem Pœnientibus
Nullis Fœnitibus
Christum Gustari
Nec Mancipari
Posse vel decipi
Sensus, cum Recipi
Dabitur Panis
Sed Myth, Inanis
Abiit Inanis
But or he wente awaye
He trymmed hym I saye
Wyth goodly tantes and gaye
And wyth a tryggum tray
Lyke a fyne Rhetologus

Or rather a Pantolobus
He called hym Spermologus
And wold haue a Dialogus
But were there a Catalogus
Of hym and al hys sect
He myght be chef elect
These readers to correct
For wel can he obiect
And Subtelly suspect
In thynges that be dyrect
But sure yf he be chect
Your corrage is defect
And al your hope in vayne
Yet styl wyl I remayne
To take for you greate payne
Yf ye wyl me retayne
And put my selfe in parrel
To fyght thus in your quarrell
Yf thou O Poet once
That wel canst co uche thy stones
Or faber wyth hys mall
To me for helpe wyll call
Either wyth boke or tvoyd

Done

Soone wyl I be the thyd
So if I fynde you kynde
Certes you shal me bynde
To shew that is behynd
Wel wel ye know my mynde.

LO thus Philogamus
After thys sorte
Helpeth Misogamus
Hym to comforte
Agaynst Monogamus
That dothe reporte
That youre Apogemus
Is but aborte.

FINIS.

MUDDYNG
LOGAMUS.
Alias. I. What call ye
Hym.